West-Country TOM Tormented,

OR,

Vexed to the Heart by the News-Mongers of the Town.

He vow'd he'd neither talk nor prate,
or any News would give,
}{ *Concerning the Affairs of State,*
but would at quiet live.

To the Tune of, *Lilli borlero.*

I Am a Lad that's come to the Town,
who from the West did travel of late;
And they do call me Country Clown,
because I will not prattle and prate:
I no sooner came to London,
but by the hand a Friend did me take,
And News did require, but 'twas my desire,
I told him neither to meddle nor make.

As I came by a Coblers Stall,
where he was set a sowing his Shoes,
After me then he straightways did call,
saying, my Friend, I pray, what news?
This did straightways raise my anger,
knitting my brows, my head I did shake:
Do not talk bawling, but mind your own Calling,
for I will neither meddle nor make.

I having heard Men talk of rich Wine,
some of that drink methought I did lack,
Then I resolv'd a Tavern to find,
where I would buy two pennoth of Sack:
Being in my Leather Jacket,
Gallants unto poor Tommy did speak,
Concerning the Army, but they could not charge me,
I swore I would neither meddle nor make.

Some said the Prince to London would come,
then we should be more happy than ere;
Others declare we all were undone,
if to the City he did repair:
Thus they talk'd like men distracted,
but not a word to them did I spake,
But as I sat drinking, I paid it with thinking,
but vow'd I would neither meddle nor make.

Some they did drink a health to the Prince,
with a fair Orange-pack'd in a Glass,
And without any seeming offence,
flowing full brimmers freely did pass:
Then they call'd to Leather Breeches,
saying to me this Health I should take,
I'de not be at pleasure, they might do their pleasure,
for I would neither meddle nor make.

Then I went to the Royal Exchange,
where they discours'd of matters of State,
I bobs thought I, 'tis wondrous strange,
that they do talk at such a rude rate:
Some were seemingly Disloyal,
the which did raise my heart for to ake,
But the I stood neuter, and was no disputer,
vowing I'de neither meddle nor make.

Then a young Spark all in a fine Coat,
in a great rage his Rapier he drew,
Swearing he'd make me alter my Note,
and tell him more than ever I knew:
But as he was coming to me,
I with my Club his Noddle did break.
And said honest Neighbour, take this for your labour
for I will neither meddle nor make.

Then to a Barbers Shop I did go
where but up I sat and set in the Chair,
Straightways he did desire to know
what kind of News abroad I did hear?
This did make me near Distracted,
into my face I straightways did take.
I ran and I Raved with all my Hand shaved,
crying, I'de neither meddle nor make.

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